THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The inclosed is a true copy of an Epistle which was sent to a friend at the time of its date. If it shall be deemed worthy of insertion others shall follow, forming a regular series. Although the writer is aware that much of the merit of such things rises or falls according to the interest which they excite in others, and that the adventures of an obscure individual cannot be very interesting to many readers, yet he is unwilling to forego the satisfaction—or (if you please to term it so) the vanity, of seeing in print these genuine effusions of his heart.

CALEB.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

[1. *Introduction.*—25. *Apology.*—59. *The Journal begins.*—63. *Sailing of the Convoy.*—71. *Reflections caused by a view of the English coast.*—93. *A digression.*—185. *Departure from the Lizard—with a description of the convoy ships.*—189. *The Excellent—the Amazon—the merchantmen—the Jalouse brig.*—217. *Arrival in the Straights.*—223. *Gibraltar described—three similes*—247. *Arrival at Gib.*—251. *Conversation at landing.*—285. *Conclusion.*]

Gib. 11th of 12th mo. 1803.

Whilst my dear friend in cheerful circles moves,
Nor leaves the soil that teems with all he loves,
Shall out-cast I, importunate and rude,
Upon his haunts felicitous, obtrude;
And interrupt, by uncouth phrase, awhile,
The peace and comfort that around him smile?—
Or rather, under Friendship's fostering wing,
May I *claim* shelter and presume to sing
EGOTIC strains, which bias'd love aloof,
I freely grant might only win—reproof?
Perhaps—yet why should idiot I disclaim
The *right* t'approach thee under friendship's name?
Or seek by *circumrotatory* chimes
A fair pretence to plague thee with my rhymes?
No.—Once for all, I'll *hardiment* suppose
My friend would gladly read my scrawls in prose;
And if in prose—of any stamp or hue—
For who finds incident may shape it too:
And why not, pr'ythee, if allow'd to tease
With ding-dong prose, berhyme thee, if I please?
Besides, thy optic talents will perceive
As *fine* a compliment as truth can *weave*,
Seeing such lines as these were never *spun*,
Save for a friend—and that, a partial one.
And now behold, since prefatory pow'r
Has ek'd thus much and clear'd the way for more,
My candor prompts to tell why I impose
Vile verse upon my friend instead of prose,
And lay myself so open to offence,
By claiming *that* to which I've no pretence.
Imprimis then, permit me to declare,
That vanity can have but little share
In such attempts; else 'twere an arrant shame,
For lack of skill to take no better aim:
The fool without one particle of wit
Could never, sure, on *such* poor reasoning hit.
—To cut the matter short I must avow,
(Truth thus declares what pride will scarce allow)
That sober prose, with happy diction fraught,—
With sense, at least, and swell'd with many a thought
(Such as Epistles ought suppos'd to be
To make, acceptably, their way to thee)
Is what my friends will scarce *expect* from him,
Whose greatest boast is oft an idle whim;
Whose thoughts, inconstant and too unconfin'd,
Veer round the compass with each puff of wind;
And whose expressions, incorrect and faint,
Too rudely snatch the thought to justly paint.
Learn then, 'tis but to save my credit, I
From chaster prose to hobbling verses fly;
Believing, as so many bards have done,
One friendly rhyme will help another on,
Which, tinkling cimbal, like, and sounding brass,
By *jingling*—not intrinsic sterling pass:
Besides 'tis known, without my speaking plain,
A stock of matter goes as far again;
And, in hard times, 'tis therefore, saving sense,
To cut a figure at a small expence.
My rout thou know'st from famous Cock-neigh town
To Gosport, where the coach-man put me down;
Nor need thy bard on scenes of anguish dwell
When forc'd to bid, *whom most he loves*, farewell.
Scarce were the dewy locks of night grown grey,
When lo! our commodore appear'd aweigh;
His large fore-top-sail sheeted to the wind,
Beckon'd the fleet, that slowly mov'd behind:
One score and twelve tight vessels, all array'd,
Some, to promote, and some, to guard the trade,—
A stately convoy! that appear'd to glide,
Like some fair town upon a glassy tide.—
Whilst gently down we sail'd the coast along
Thy sympathising heart can aid the song;
For tell-tale drops that from these eye-lids roll'd
My silent grief and heart-felt tumult told,
As long, supine, in melancholy mood
Absorb'd, upon our little bark I stood,
And saw with painful gaze that lessening shore,
Whence now alas! thy friend the breezes bore.—
How frail is man! how changeful is his lot!
Now rich, possessing,—now possessing not;
Doom'd to extremes by each appointed hour
Of pleasure, sickness, indigence or pow'r!—
That moon, whose silvery light was dimly seen
Along the pebbly strand and tufted green,
And shone on yonder vale and mountain-sod,
Which we, my friend, and thy lov'd sister trod;
That moon, that witness'd on fair Devon's hills,
Those joys, which love in lovers' hearts distils,
When blest like me with Emma, side by side,
I breath'd my vows and hail'd my future bride;—
That moon ceas'd not to show her glimmering wane,
When I am brought to see those hills again.
But ah! how chang'd the scene!—No longer thou,
Nor thy dear sister climbs yon mountain's brow—
Shall not my *friend*;—nor shall his sister more,
Behold with me these waves and pebbly shore?—
No more along the vale, nor midst the grove,
Inhale the sweets of Friendship and of Love?
Ah me! how chang'd! these groves, and hills, & skies,
Jocund no more, call forth my tears and sighs,
And swell that breast with agonizing woe,
Which late was blest with rapture to o'erflow!
Yet, whilst the shades of distance intervene,
To hide what dimly through my tears are seen;
And reminiscence conjures to the view
Contrasted joys, to sadden this adieu,
I'd fain look forward with an eye of hope
And banish grief by giving fancy scope.—
When far from Albion's coast, whence now I fly,
To Europe's utmost stretch and sultry sky,
Left, English virtue, sterling worth, behind,
Such as in southern climes I ne'er shall find;
What change, thou'lt ask, what novel scenes shall rise
To make thy friend his wayward fortune prize?
NONE, my dear friend. An humbler hope is mine,
Content if haply blest—*to not repine*.
That time, to me, is now forever fled,
When Joy's bright halo sparkled round my head;
When, warm with youthful rapture, I embrac'd
The charms of converse or the howling waste
(For e'en in howling wastes, the ardent mind
Not untransported notes the passing wind;
Enjoys with steadfast gaze the bursting cloud
When lightnings flash and thunders bellow loud)
With equal choice;—when, felt no partial tie
Of home, of country or peculiar sky,
No patriot's warmth, no educated glow,
Nor local zeal enslav'd me to forego
The high, unbounded relish of esteem
For *all* mankind—PHILANTHROPY supreme;—
That time is fled; for Emma's magic smile
Has bound my scatter'd love to Britain's isle:
So we behold the sun's descending rays
Divided by the air a thousand ways;
The scatter'd rays in focal union join,
And with consolidated ardour shine.
Since my affections are on Emma plac'd,
Heedless I wander o'er the watery waste;
"Deep roars to deep;" winds lull or howl, *in vain;*
And *bootless* bound the monsters of the main,—
One darling object fills my aching breast
And swallows up, like Aaron's rod, the rest.
Ah! were it else, thy fugitive could smile
At being banish'd thus from Britain's isle;
Nor should the distance, that obscures yon steep,
Excite these tears and mock me while I weep!
Yes! (were it else, as erst,) I'd gaily roam,
And woo contentment on a billow's foam;
Transported view "the mighty floods pass by,
Hear ocean's voice and see his hands on high;"
Or by the help of fairy Fancy go
And travel on from realm to realm below.

64. Our commodore.] The commodore of the convoy was the Excellent, a 74.—We left Spithead 29th of 9th mo.

149.—The mighty floods, &c. Habakkuk, III. 10.

Now, blind to Nature's wondrous works I stroll,
While sorrow's waves break on my troubled soul;
Now, dull and dark, and churlish and forlorn,
Like some lone spectre on a wintry morn,
I sit supine, a melancholy mope,
Bereft of every joy but that of—hope.—
Yes! Hope, bright star, *is* left me to relume,
With twinkling beams, this cave of mental gloom:
Then why should I, fond fool, reject her beams,
Whose light peeps in and on my sadness gleams?
Wherefore (to drop the metaphor) preclude
Myself from blessings, day by day, renew'd?
For blessings still, O wonderful! remain
To stop the tongue that's eager to complain.
O Patience, daughter of Religion, bind
Thy healing balsam on a wounded mind;
Thy oil of gladness, Resignation, pour,
And bid a heart *divided*—"bleed no more!"
And thou firm Faith in GOD's parental care,
Shield, shield this bosom from the fiend despair,
Till, every trial stood and danger past,
I fly to my lov'd Emma's arms, at last.
Excuse, dear critic, this digressive strain,—
A heart, by sorrow prob'd, will needs complain.
Henceforth I'll guard it with more watchful eyes,
And check the embryo murmurs ere they rise;—
So shall serenity, long absent guest,
Regain its still asylum in my breast,
And bring substantial comforts to a mind
Whose will to its CREATOR's is resign'd;—
So, too, shalt thou be freed from many a line
That strings, like rosaries, these woes of mine.

(To be continued.)

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For the Evening Fire-side.

THE FIRE-SIDE PREACHER.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken."

When unforeseen difficulties obtrude on my tranquility, when vexations and anxiety interrupt my repose, I reflect on the words of the *wise man* and endeavor to preserve through the troubles that surround me, *a merry heart and a cheerful countenance.* It is folly in the extreme to suffer the imagination to brood over anticipated evils; or the spirits to be depressed by the clouds of misfortune.—To every member of "the great family of mankind" a portion of unhappiness is extended; but it remains for himself to alleviate the pangs of disappointment, or to embitter by gloomy reflections, the cup of existence. There is a species of Philosophy practicable in every station of society and in every situation in life, that will conduce more to the enjoyment of happiness than the possession of wealth or all the glittering pageantry of power. It is not to despise pain, or to smile at misfortune, but by a well-timed reflection on the blessings we enjoy, and a just appreciation of them, to throw the incidental vexations of life into distance and obscurity. When our misfortunes are viewed through this philosophic medium they will appear too trifling to occasion any sensible regret, and lose their importance and their ability to disturb us, together. Indeed a very small proportion of mankind have ever tasted real affliction. The troubles that affect us are seldom more than mere chimeras—phantoms created by fancy, and whose inflated bulk dissolves like the bubble at the touch of reality.

When the venerable lady in whose humble mansion I reside, tells me with a countenance of sorrow that she has no wick to trim my lamp and that her store of candles is exhausted, I relinquish my studies for the evening without distressing her honest heart with a murmur of regret, and console myself with the reflection that I can still enjoy my pipe and my fire-side while I meditate in silence on the varied occurrences of the day.—Reader—methinks I see thee smile at the wonderful fortitude displayed on this occasion, and sneer somewhat contemptuously at the relation of a disappointment apparently so immaterial. But be not too hasty.—Search into thy own griefs and see if their causes are not equally insignificant. It must necessarily be a disappointment, after anticipating through the day the pleasure a recurrence to my books would afford, to find myself by a perverse incident deprived of my promised enjoyment. By thus accustoming myself to the occurrence of similar trifles, I hope to be enable to endure with fortitude the evils which may attend the declining hours of life, when youthful activity and the vigor of health cease to yield my sinews their wonted elasticity, and when "*the head is sick and the whole heart faint.*" It is a primary article in my creed that this period may be prematurely brought on by the indulgence of gloomy ideas and melancholy forebodings, and that we are often the ingenious fabricators of our own unhappiness. When we enter into life we calculate too sanguinely on the pleasures that await us, and soon as we discover that adversity may possibly be ours, the visions of felicity in which we had indulged, dissolve in air, and reality appears frowning and hideous from the contrast. The moment we give up the fluttering emotions of hope, we shut out with our own hands the prospect of happiness, forever. We brood over the unquiet phantoms of the imagination, and blame the cruelty of fortune for what we ourselves have done, till dissatisfied and repining, we admit that *sorrow of the heart by which the spirit is broken.* Suffer, then, an unbeneficed lecturer, to exhort you, my readers, to fortify yourselves against the lowering clouds of misfortune which are mostly transient as the mists of the morning. A spirit of repining will but sink the soul to depression, while firmness and fortitude will be found to be the parents of contentment.

Peradventure, reader! thou wilt think that egotism is the prominent feature of my sermon, but thou must recollect, that although I may assume the function of a preacher uncalled, I do not pretend to an exemption from human infirmities.

M.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

EVENING REFLECTION.

Past are the busy hours of day,
And Eve, resumes her pensive sway
O'er all the bustling scene;
Come then, Reflection! musing power,—
To cheer the glooms, that round me low'r,
Unveil thy serious mien.

What though the days of youthful joy,
When no dull cares the heart annoy,
On rapid wing have flown;
Still Heaven, propitious to my pray'r,
Has banish'd from my breast, Despair,
And Health is all my own.

While many a wanderer tempts the wave,
And round him winds tempestuous rave,
And whelming billows foam;
Peace weaves her chaplet round my head,—
No wakeful fears invade my bed,
Contentment smiles at home.

Can Wealth one brighter joy impart
Than those which play around my heart
Beside my Evening Fire?—
Can all Golconda's gems bestow
A purer bliss—a warmer glow
Than what my breast inspire?

Ah no!—Then why will Avarice rove
And stain the Brahmin's sacred grove,
This worthless ore to find?—
Why sacrifice at Plutus' fane?
Why brave the dangers of the main,
And leave Content behind?

What thousands at stern Power's command
Perish'd on India's burning sand
When Famine scowl'd around!
And Avarice with unmoisten'd eye
Beheld her wretched victims die
And corses strew the ground!

Insatiate fiend, that haunt'st the mind,
Thou scourge and glory of mankind
Who hate thee, yet adore,—
Far hence retire, and 'twine thy chain
Around the slaves that in thy fane
Thy baneful charms implore.

For me in vain thy snares are laid;
Thy victim's tears shall ne'er upbraid
My gold-polluted hand;
No famish'd thousands shall invoke
On me the blasting lightning's stroke
T'avenge an injured land.

Secure at home I'll pass my days
And fondly mark my evening blaze
Diffusing comfort round;

Enjoy in peace the silent hour
And, grateful, bless that heavenly power
Who makes these joys abound.

ANGUS.

Jan. 8, 1805.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

On the tendency of knowledge to expand the mind.

"Sacred *Leisure* there resides,
Musing in his cloister pale.
Wrapt in a deep solemnity of shade,
Again I view fair LEARNING's spiry seats,
Again her ancient elms o'erhang my head,
Again her votary *Contemplation* meets."

MASON.

In my last paper, I entered on the subject of the tendency of science to improve and enlarge the mind, which the limits of a single essay would not permit me to finish: I shall endeavour in the course of these desultory reflections to elucidate it further, and in the language of the *divines* of the present day, "I shall conclude them with some practical inferences and remarks."

Of all the varied branches of science, ASTRONOMY is the most enlarged, diffusive, and grand! Under its guidance—with its powerful aid, man is taught a lesson, humbling to pride, mortifying to vanity*. His eye is directed to view other worlds besides this little point, on which so many schemes are proposed—so many differences exist, between his fellow-creatures, concerning the possession of riches, titles, and property, which in the *scale of creation* are unperceived—in whose vast extent, if the world were annihilated, nay—the millions of worlds that surround us, or, indeed, what our finite conceptions imagine to be the *universe*, NO LOSS COULD BE RECOGNISED! The purer eye of Philosophy beholds, beyond *our* narrow sphere of vision, *other systems*, infinitely distant from those which we see around us: not merely *solar* systems, but SYSTEMS OF SOLAR SYSTEMS! Dispersed in the immensity of space, they perform their proper revolutions in regular and exact succession, by the divine command of the Almighty Architect, unknown to *us*, unmarked by *our* observation, undescribable by *our* powers of description, and unimagined by *our* fancy.

Intimately connected with Astronomy, is *Chronology*; so useful in ascertaining doubtful points and circumstances in Ancient History; most of the records of whose events, have, long since, with their writers, mouldered in the silent dust. Under its protection, also, *Navigation* flutters her light pinions in security, and when unguided by any cheering "polar star"—any distant "satellite," or friendly "lunar" orb, *Magnetism*, steady and faithful to her trust, lends a willing aid, and *Commerce* unites man to man, breaks the bounds which fathomless Ocean forms to separate him from social intercourse, and brings the production, of varied climes to his feet. *Geography* likewise is placed in her proper "sphere," and the "boundaries" of her possessions are fixed by Astronomy, in "conjunction" with *Geometry*.

When man turns from creation in general, to view more particularly his own structure, he is compelled to acknowledge, that he is "fearfully and wonderfully made."† The delightful, interesting, and instructive study of ANATOMY, will exhibit to the astonished perceptions of the inquirer into nature,

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
"How *complicate*, how *wonderful* is man!
"How PASSING WONDER HE, who made him such!
"Who center'd in our make such strange extremes!"‡

To trace the circulation of the alternately cerulean and crimson current—to remark with attentive eye, the various phenomena of respiration, dejestion, and other functions of animal life, and to observe, *with trembling*, the slender tie of our existence, compared with which,

"The spider's most attenuated thread
"Is cord, is cable, ————"‡

surely cannot be degrading to the rational mind, nor unworthy of the exercise of its noblest faculties: the most careless appeal to its sense of delight must powerfully evince their contrary tendency.

If he can "abstract" himself from the circles of dissipation and frivolity, and permit sensible objects to attract his wandering attention, he will find himself, placed without the aid of the visions of fancy, in the midst of a vast *labaratory*, in which the "processes" of Nature are perpetually carried forward—in which, every instant, bodies are "decomposed," and their elements re-unite into different forms; while these in their turn submit to *chemic* "affinities," undergo new "combinations," and produce new results. Without this attention, the most important facts lie before him, neglected and unperceived; neither affording him the means for increasing the number of his comforts, nor additions to his sense of pleasures. A knowledge of the principal phenomena manifested by the interesting and useful science of CHEMISTRY, discloses wonders upon wonders to the admiring mind; and adds proofs, all tending to convince the perverted judgments of the prejudiced, that WISDOM is stamped, in indelible characters, on the most minute and unheeded object in nature, as well as on the most grand!—and calling them, in irresistible language, to ADORE the Deity in his works, and repress their arrogant murmurs.

"Come, then, expressive SILENCE, muse His praise!"‖

Agriculture flourishes with renewed vigour, by the assistance of Chemistry; and some of the most intractable diseases which agonize the human frame, yield up their delcterious influence to the power which the Pneumatic system of the latter affords to man. Under the pressure of disease and languor, *Medicine* unlocks her coffers, and "exhibits" her grateful stores; humanity lifts again her drooping head, and smiles are visible on the pale and faintly-blushing cheek of returning health.

It is entirely needless to view the tendency of the other branches of scientific knowledge. The very imperfect and cursory description here given of a FEW, will convince those who are open to conviction, that Science will, in the most powerful manner, enable man to elevate his mind far above this sphere of grosser attractions. To be ignorant of its grand truths, and insensible to its beauties, when knowledge is readily obtained by resolution and perseverance, cannot be considered otherwise than culpable, and a base submission to the most abject slavery.*

"But some there are, who deem themselves most free,
"When they, within this gross and visible sphere,
"Chain down the WINGED THOUGHT; scoffing ascent,
"Proud in their meanness; and *themselves they cheat*
"*With noisy emptiness* of learned phrase."†

DESPONDENCE is ever banished from the drooping mind, by the contemplation of the wonders of Nature, and of Art. "He who formed the eye, shall he not see" his creatures?—"shall not he who made the ear, hear" the petitions of supplicating piety—of suffering innocence, of unprotected virtue?—"he that teacheth man knowledge, *shall not he know*‡" our thoughts, our wants, our wishes?

* Psalm viii. 3. 4.

† Psalm cxxxix. 14. ‡ Young.

‖ Thomson. Hymn on the Seasons.

* St. John iii. 19. † Southey. ‡ Psalm xciv. 9

The most consolotary truth which our Holy Christian Faith affords us, the prospect of a future state, is also evinced by a circumspective view of natural objects with the *eye of science:* so many symbols and confirmations are visible, that Doubt rapidly flees away before the power of conviction. While we behold, with glowing emotions, and attentive consideration, the vast blue expanse, the glittering myriads of worlds which roll silently above, moving around their UNKNOWN CENTRE—the vicissitudes of the seasons—and the renovation of Nature, all these declare its certainty, and the magnitude of its importance.

If such be the wonders, such the glories of scientific truth, and such the benevolence of the Grand Centre of eternal rectitude, how must our ardent imagination be enkindled with new additions of a seraphic flame, and our vanity and arrogance "humbled under the mighty hand of God!"* Then let us *silently* adore His inimitable perfections, whom the least of His works declares to be *infinitely perfect;* and if the emotions of the soul *must* have utterance, let us mingle a pious awe, and reverential fear, with our effusions of rapturous love and praise!

THUS WIDE is the inexhaustible scene of wonder and contemplation! Thus copious are the materials for utility and amusement! And can any person, on viewing the vast field before him—that field, through which he may trace his cursory or his accurate and direct path, to mark, each moment, new beauties—behold wonder upon wonder rise—and magnificence croud on magnificence, can he complain of meeting FEW sources of amusement and instruction? Can he attempt or *dare* to vindicate the idleness of a melancholy abstraction, and presume to refute the culpability of a degraded inattention to the scenery around him? Justice denies the complaint: Arrogance herself is abashed!—"I sincerely pity the man," says STERNE, "who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry out "*all is barren.*"

If this scene, therefore, contain so infinite a number of beauties, and views of majestic splendour, where the sun in serene brightness shines on the "just and unjust"—where the arch of the covenant, with its soft colours, expands before the sight, how glorious must be the resplendence of that noon-day, of which this stage of existence is but the faint dawning!—† how superior that light, which shall illumine and increase eternal lustre! when the grand stupendous plan of the Almighty, now hidden from our perceptions, will be exhibited to our astonished eyes, in all its varied relations, and become a source of enraptured admiration, through the boundless succession of the untried periods of existence in a future state.

Whither, then, ye who float down the stream of time, without attempting to resist those dangerous currents which cross and impede your progress to the haven of peace—whither are your thoughts directed? O! turn them to the contemplation of these important truths: and if you have any regard for your future welfare, study them with attention: and they will preserve your frail barks from destruction on those rocks, quicksands, and shoals, which you will unavoidably meet in the ocean of life.

"Ev'n now your fancied perils fill the mind;
"The secret *rock*, rough wave, and rising wind;
"The *shoal*, so treacherous, near the tempting land;
"Th' ingulphing whirlpool, and the *swallowing sand.*"‡

In being directed to meditate on the rapturous objects of Nature, and having some of its beauties pointed out, the same extatic emotions will be produced in the bosom, which animated a celebrated painter;‖ who, when a brother artist who did not know him, was exhibiting in a country foreign to his own, the exquisite touches visible on a fine piece of painting, exclaimed with a burst of joy—"It is needless, I TOO AM A PAINTER,"—I too can participate in the delights which a *painter* can feel: and man will be compelled to cry out "I too am a man; I cannot be ignorant of pleasure; I also possess the feelings of a *human being.*"

From this brief view of the principles of science, and its power to produce emotions, not only of calm, undescribable pleasure, but the warm admiration, in the mind of man, a copious fund of inferences and remarks is presented to our notice, and deep consideration. I shall, however, confine myself to a few, and in my concluding paper, endeavour to shew the necessity of a *proper use* of knowledge, and its multiplied advantages.

N. O.

* 1 Pet. v. 6.

† "*This* is the bud of being, the DIM DAWN,
"the twilight of our day."——— YOUNG.
Vide also Dr. Smith's Works, Vol. I. p. 14. Am. ed.

‡ Savage. ‖ Corregio.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

In haste, dear Ed, a line I send
To greet your *would-be* witty friend;
But not to waste my ink and time
To teach him *how* to "spit" or "rhyme."
The first *he* understands (we see)—
The last's a task too great for *me*:
"Genius" itself would deem it hard
To change a *blockhead* to a bard.
I do not aim to be sublime,—
"Of simples" I compose my rhyme;
They best will suit *his* shallow pate
Not fitted for profounder freight,
For none but Phos's "dullness" finds
"Obscurity" in "Switch's" lines.
'Tis plain enough to all, beside
That they are clear and "well applied;"
Their "meaning" then you need not teach
ALL know the virtues of a

SWITCH.

Chimney Corner, 10 o'clock.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

A fire-side being a comfortable place during this inclement season, I shall take my seat at yours, for a moment, while I relate some family anecdotes by way of conversation, and information for those who have only considered a *few* advantages resulting from the important discovery of Vaccination.

Every writer upon the subject, mentions certain pustules, and pimples, which usually appear, and we have the authority of an able penman, for believing the Vaccine matter procured in London, is infinitely more productive, than that of Chester, which only leaves an hard ulcer in the part innoculated, tedious and difficult to cure—in different climates I presume the effects will vary—but in *ours*, it not only prevents that fell enemy to beauty, the small-pox, but at the precise moment of Vaccination (provided you have procured the vaccine from the office of Institution in New-York, or the first physicians in Philadelphia) you introduce the *Itch*, *Swine*, *Kine*, and *Cat-pock* into the system, as I can prove from present instances in my own family.—I speak from experience, therefore reasonably hope attention, and should any one feel inclined to infidelity respecting my assertions, let him come and examine my four children now in the height of each above mentioned disorder. Their father who never thinks too deeply, wished them innoculated according to the mode followed by his grand-mother, and daily execrates the vile consequences as he calls them of Vaccination; but I tell him people are always liable to those eruptions, and it is a great comfort and satisfaction to have them all together in infancy.—However there is no convincing ob-

stinate people, and the other day when I was shaving off the hair of my two eldest girls, he stood like a statue with folded arms, until I laid aside *Anna Maria Victoria's* ringlets to add to my auburn frisette, when he darted his grey eyes upon me with an expression I shall carefully remember in my next curtain lecture.—My children to own the truth, look like so many infant Jobs, and the bladder caps I am obliged to tie over their sore heads, are certainly less becoming, than their natural curls, but the inconvenience is only for the present, their hair will grow the faster for being shorn, and Doctor ——— assures me that they have taken the Vaccine so charmingly that they may not only smell to open vials of the small-pox matter, but take pinch after pinch up their noses without the least danger.

I will now Mr. Editor take my leave, entreating my testimony may be published as highly approving the important discovery of Vaccination, and while prejudiced persons attempt to decry it, let them at least allow it preserves beauty, which ought to be the first, the earliest care of a fond

ANXIOUS MOTHER.

January 9th, 1805.

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Mr. Editor,

The title of your paper, '*The Fire-side*,' has led me into a series of reflections on the present season, which, by its intense coldness, makes the Fire-side so very agreeable. There, while the bleak North West blows its chilling blast, or the North East pours forth in icy showers, I sit at ease; and while enjoying the agreeable warmth of my parlour, almost forget that I am surrounded by a world locked up with the frozen bars of gloomy winter. But here, have not I,—have not many, reason to upbraid our forgetful hearts, and say, where is thy gratitude to him who clothes, feeds and warms thee? Why restrain the grateful aspirations of praise to him who rules the universe with a nod; who setteth the nations in families; who saith unto fire, frost, thunder, and hail, ye are my servants, and unto the fruitful fields produce bread for my creature man? But, will the bare aspiration of the lips please him who is continually loading us with the bounties of his providence? Certainly not. To be acceptable they must proceed from a heart actuated by a principle of Divine Love; a heart which from a grateful bosom emits its thankful adorations to that being to whom it feels itself indebted for every enjoyment, and for whom it has a holy reverential Love. And, can the man who lives with principles like these forget that he lives, not to live *alone*? Will he not say, "It is true, I am full "and abound; but thousands live around "me, and among those thousands, "there are many who have not a Fire-"side.—Their hearths are empty, a chil-"ling sadness pervades their habitations; "while meagre hunger haunts those "abodes of poverty. Duty, inclination, "suffering humanity, all induce me to "give my help: It will not do for me "to say, I pity you my friends and I de-"sire that ye may be fed and clothed; "I must, I will see that ye are relieved."

Ye that dwell in stately habitations, surrounded not only with the necessaries, but with the luxuries of life, pause for a moment; and let the imaginary pleasures that arise from gaiety and vain amusements, give way to the solid satisfaction which will flow from opening your liberal hands to supply the needy poor. Contemplate the scene which now lies before you. Pinching cold has closed many avenues from which they were wont to call a scanty subsistence. Let the whistling winds with hollow sound, the hills of snow and hail that lye before your doors, with a river arched with ice remind you of the *suffering poor*. In yonder cottage lies a man stretched on a bed of illness, near him sits a wife lamenting her hard condition, surrounded by six small children; one cries 'mama give me bread!' another sobs with numbing cold. She sighs, it is the sigh of poverty, and would tell them, my children I have neither bread nor wood, but fears to disturb the husband, already sinking under a load of pain.

Not far from this family lives another, a widow with four children. She has a *fire-side*, if such it may be called. Some weeks past she had a small parcel of wood, she was frugal with it, but it is now all gone; some days before the heavy fall of snow she consumed the last stick, and is now sitting over a few embers made by the quick and passing blast of shavings, for which she has to wade and toil half a mile from home. Work she would, but work cannot be had. Discouraged and cold she seeks for rest, but finds it not. The covering of her bed is far too scanty to yield her proper warmth, and the piercing cries of her suffering babes forbid those sorrowful eyes, that sleep, which her weary body so much demands.

In Southwark lives a laboring man with a large family of small children. From day to day has he sought employment; but frozen winter has cut off his usual resources, now and then he finds a job which scarce yields enough to feed his family with the coarsest fare. A *Fire-side* would be to them, a great relief, but this they are seldom favored with.—Oft, pinched with cold, has the wife with anxious looks watched the door, hoping to see her husband return with the news of something to make a comfortable *Fire-side*, and as oft looked in vain; on his return the reply still is, "times are hard and work is scarce." Do any think these tales too woeful to be true, let me beg them not to believe them as merely the effusions of a moment. Let me intreat them to take the trouble to visit among the poor, and I am sure, that, so far from thinking the features too strongly marked, they will say, "they are not equal to what our own eyes have seen."

Ye tender hearted females, whose bosoms heave and whose eyes are suffused with the pearly tear on reading the delusive tale of some pathetic romance; let me plead with you, the cause of the suffering poor; you have hearts formed for sympathy,—sympathise with the destitute widow,—the helpless orphan. Think for a moment on their case at this very inclement season—pity them, and stretch forth the tender hand of charity.—Will your feeling hearts stoop to plead "that you cannot afford it?" No, they will not—economise in your dress to save for the poor; when at the milliners in place of paying *five or ten dollars* for a trifling *plume* or *feather*, or of spending pounds for needless *lace*, resolve to give the money to the poor; and thus cherish and cultivate the finer feelings of your hearts,—those delightful sensations which accompany the benevolent designs of the upright mind.—Do you say we intend to do it,—now then make the serious resolution, lest your designs should vanish with the rising morn—seek for objects of your charity, you need not despair of finding them,—they are numerous—many of your sex are now engaged in the pleasing employment, and no doubt reap a plenteous harvest of sweet reflections for the Evening *Fire-side*. Young gentlemen will ye be behind hand with your benevolence? will you plead inability? think for a moment on the many dollars you now throw away for an extra glass of wine, or slippery (if not toiling) pleasure, of gliding for an hour through the streets in a sleigh; you then feel what it is to

want a *Fire-side*,—remember the poor, for many of them have it not.

PHILANTHROPIST.

Jan. 10, 1805.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The following epistle on courtship was read the other evening in a social little circle, much to our amusement. At our separating, I requested a copy, which its fair possessor kindly granted me. No author's name was attached to it, and therefore hoping no evil will arise from its publication, I send it for insertion in your "Fire-side." It has already furnished a small company with much innocent diversion; you may if you please extend it to a large one, yours,

AMICUS.

A BRIEF EPISTLE ON COURTSHIP.

DEAR FRIEND,

I've had a thought or two of late
Respecting Courtship, and I seem inclin'd,
To let thee know a little of my mind,
About that awkward, purgatorial state.

If, haply anxious to obtain a wife,
Some seeking youth should try thy hand to gain,
I know thou would'st not trifle with his pain;
Nor waste in courtship half the morn of life.

How blest mankind, if all the race were so!
What *doubt* and *fear*, what risque of limbs and life
By land and water, to obtain a Wife,
Some poor afflicted mortals undergo!

What nameless pangs the wretched mortal proves
Who, sadly smitten, tries in vain to find
A proper method to unfold his mind;
Or hint his wishes to the maid he loves!

An aching heart with brazen front to hide—
With outward smiles to veil internal woe—
With stammering tongue propound the *yea* or *no*,
To do all this—and more—and be denied.

And, lo! if once denied, though e'er so clever,
Wide spreads the rumor of the foul defeat;
In council dire the female despots meet
And doom the wretch to singleness forever!

In amorous ditties, if he mourn his doom,
The luckless scrawl, produced in evil hour,
Proof of *his* folly and the *fair one's* power,
Is borne in triumph round the tittering room.—

I would not wish my notions to be known;
But truly, I have thought, the ills that wait
On Courtship, are *so numerous* and *so great*
'Tis better far—to let the thing alone.

—

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Adversity promotive of Morality, and beneficial to Man.

Enough has heaven indulg'd of bliss below,
To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;
Enough has heaven ordain'd of useful woe,
To make us languish for a happier seat. SCOTT.

Notwithstanding it may appear singular to commend what every one is studious to avoid, yet I shall venture to employ a leisure hour in attempting to prove that we often regard as an enemy that which is a real friend, and shun as a poison the antidote of misery.

That "man is a short-sighted being," is a trite, but true acknowledgment; he is prone to desire those things which, when possessed, are found to be altogether inadequate to the end proposed, and often rejects as an evil the "blessing in disguise." Happiness is the great object of pursuit with every rational creature, and the ways in which we pursue it are as various as the objects which different individuals deem essential to their felicity. Some place happiness in the gratification of the appetites; some in the echo of fame, and some in the possession of riches; but perhaps in nothing are we more generally agreed, than that it is to be found in the attainment of wealth.—The gay are attracted by its glitter, the sensualist is allured by its luxuries; the indolent pant after its ease; the ambitious aspire to its honors, and even the philosopher cannot despise its comforts. Hence we see why so many "say unto gold thou art my hope, and unto fine gold thou art my confidence;" but prosperity, though so ardently desired tends to defeat its own purposes; it soon produces satiety, and satiety produces disgust.

There are many evils attendant on prosperity which I shall endeavor concisely to bring into view, some of which, though as evidently demonstrated by experience, are less perceptible to the young and thoughtless. In the first place it hardens the heart and renders it callous to the tender feelings of sympathy and compassion. And such is the nature of the human mind that he who is not susceptible of pain for the woes of another, is dead to the most delicate pleasure of the soul: that which renders him unfeeling the one, necessarily deprives him of the enjoyment of the other.

In the next place, prosperity is an enemy to morality. In the full tide of success, the mind relaxes from the arduous pursuit of virtue; it floats along regardless of danger, and, gradually forgetting the transitory nature of human life, closes the eye of circumspection, and is finally benumbed to the finer sense of moral rectitude. It unnerves the arm of labor by removing the strongest motives of toil.—It infects its favorites with the baleful poisons of indolence and dissipation, throws down the wall of health, and leaves them a prey to disease and premature death.—It is unfriendly to devotion; for in the day of prosperity we strangely forget the giver, and repose ourselves in the gift.—We seem to act by the rule of contraries; the more numerous are our temporal blessings, the more we neglect our Benefactor and repay kindness with ingratitude. Even the hoary veteran in the cause of piety is endangered when she smiles; for her touch is enchantment, and happy is it for him who remains uncorrupted under her reign.—It can hardly be expected that he who is surrounded by affluence and splendor can feel so dependant on *Providence*, as the poor man who is not provided for the morrow, but who is more conspicuously fed from the hand of *His* goodness.

Prosperity attaches us to this world and veils from our view the glories of a better; and "Oh death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to the man that liveth at rest in his possessions; to the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath "PROSPERITY in all things!"* It destroys our relish for the pleasures of immortality; makes calamity bitter, and death, dreadful. He that is nursed in her lap looks askance on the distresses of his neighbour, and willingly shuts his eye on his own approaching troubles.—He meets sickness and death with surprize and with terror! Alas! he is not fortified to bear the pains of the former, and is unprepared for the consequences of the latter.

Let us now take a view of the advantages of adversity. For though we naturally shrink from affliction; yet the goodness of Providence is no where more manifest than in the kind intermixture of prosperity with adversity. Success stimulates to action; gives confidence to enterprize; and rewards industry. Disappointment moderates the ardor of pursuit, inspires with caution, and turns the view of the mind to that happier region where no desire is unsatisfied; no contingency can rob us of enjoyment; no act of piety shall lose its reward.

Under the discipline of affliction, we are taught the most interesting truths; truths which "he that hath nothing to vex him" cannot perceive. Then we see the insufficiency of wealth to confer happiness. We look with indifference on the vain glitter of the world, and we are led to expect felicity from the only source of unmixed delight. The moral duties rise in importance before our view, and religious obligation is regarded as a sacred tie.

Philosophers say that pleasure is only perceived as it is contrasted with pain;

* Ecclesiasticus xli. ver. 1.

that ease is only enjoyed as the reward of toil; that health is only prized by the child of sickness, and that gratification is indebted to abstinence for its relish. Here then is a moral reason for the administration of affliction; for without it our greatest comforts would soon become insipid; and we should waste the little period of life in torpid insensibiiity.

Let us then no longer view the seeming evils of life with dejection or melancholy; but rather as the kind chastisements of infinite wisdom and mercy; knowing, that "these light afflictions, (which are but for a moment) shall work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Thus shall we without murmuring accept the infusion of bitter into the cup of our existence, and happily know, that cheerful resignation can allay the poignancy of grief, and humble acquiescence gild with serenity and peace, the hour that was devoted to sorrow.

VAROLA.

—

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Having been under some doubt myself, and knowing some others to have been also in doubt respecting the subject of regulating time by the sun and stars, I enclose for your paper, the following extract from Ferguson, which sets the matter in its true light. The common idea is, that the time is accurate, which is shewn by the sun's coming upon a true meridian; but this is an error; as the sun when it rises or sets too slow or fast, must equally culminate, or pass the meridian too slow or fast. True time, or other equated time must be obtained by comparing the time keeper with the motions of the stars; or which is the same thing, by comparing the sun's passing the meridian, with the *tables of equation*, found for each day in the Almanac.—The passage of the star *Alioth*, as indicated in the Almanacs, is when the season admits of observing its lower passage over the meridian, the readiest way, to such as have not a meridian line, or dial truly set, of obtaining the time by the stars. To such as know that star, and have a window fronting toward the north, a plumb line, cutting it and the polar star, will be an easy method to ascertain its passage over the meridian. The common method of obtaining equated or true time, by comparing the apparent rising or setting of the sun, with the tables of equation, is a practicable, but less accurate one. It is better however than the careless one of regulating time pieces by the apparent rising or setting of the sun, only. Such a practice is sure, the greater part of the year to make the generality of the country time, different from the city time, if my observations have been correct.

"If through a small hole in a window shutter, or in a thin plate of metal fixed to a window, we observe at what time any star disappears behind a chimney or corner of a house at a little distance, and if the same star disappears the next night 5 min. 56 seconds sooner by the clock or watch, and on the second night 7 min. 52 seconds sooner, the third night 11 min. 48 seconds sooner and so on, it is an infallible sign that the machine goes true; otherwise it does not go true; and must be regulated accordingly; and as the disappearing of a star is instantaneous we may depend on this information to half a second. The earth's motion on its axis being perfectly uniform, and equal at all times of the year, the sydereal days are always precisely of an equal length; and so would the solar or natural days be, if the earth's orbit were a perfect circle, and its axis perpendicular to its orbit;—but the earth's diurnal motion on an inclined axis, and its annual motion in an elliptic orbit cause the sun's apparent motion in the Heavens to be unequal: for sometimes he revolves from the meridian to the meridian again in somewhat less than 24 hours, as shewn by a well regulated clock,—and at other times in somewhat more; so that the time shewn by an equal going clock & a true sun dial is never the same; but on four days of the year the clock if it goes equally and true all the year round, will be before the sun from the 23d of December till the 14th of April;—from that time till the 15th of June the sun will be before the clock; from the 15th June till the 31st of August the clock will be before the sun, and from thence to the 23d December the sun will be before the clock."

[*Ferguson's Astronomy.*]

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[The genius and piety of the amiable friend of the worthy Archbishop of Cambray have at length placed her high in the rank of female excellence. The clouds and mists which obscured the brightness of her virtues, while living, have disappeared and left her memory as celebrated as her love of retirement was mysterious; her history as interesting as her actions were misrepresented, and many of her opinions as just as the peculiarity of them in France in her day was striking. If Fenelon, the literary ornament of Europe, distinguished for the most refined philosophy, were again alive, he would have reason to rejoice that others are spiritually minded enough to relish those pure joys of devotion which he and his valuable friend were too wise to sacrifice to the corrupt taste of a licentious court.—It gives us pleasure to be able to announce the publication of the poems of "Madame de la Mothe Guion translated from the French by William Cowper, Esq. author of the Task." This work is neatly printed by Kimber, Conrad & Co. and forms a handsome pocket volume from which we give the following extract.]

THE SWALLOW.

I am fond of the Swallow—I learn from her flight,
Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of Love:
How seldom on earth do we see her alight!
She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
Suspended, and pois'd in she regions of air,
'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,
It is wing'd like herself, 'tis ethereal fare.

She comes in the spring, all the summer she stays,
And dreading the cold, still she follows the sun....
So true to our Love, we should covet his rays,
And the place where he shines not, immediately shun

Our light should be Love, and our nourishment pray'r;
It is dangerous food that we find upon earth;
The fruit of this world is beset with a snare,
In itself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

'Tis rarely, if ever, she settles below,
And only when building a nest for her young:
Were it not for her brood she would never bestow
A thought upon any thing filthy as dung.

Let us leave it ourselves ('tis a mortal abode)
To bask ev'ry moment in infinite Love;
Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road
That leads to the day-spring appearing above.

—

[Whilst we endeavor to keep ourselves aloof from the turbid atmosphere in which party commotions are engendered, we profess to be pleased with the dictates of justice and humanity by whatever party they may be expressed. Hence an occasional expression of our opinions respecting public measures ought not to be construed into approbation or disprobation of any party systems. The line of moderation by being straight must necessarily at times intersect the crooked paths of excessive opinions,—and whilst they, who are warped by the heat of prejudice, imagine they are running parrallel with rectitude, they deceive themselves, and see not the spacious interstices that will ever remain betwixt truth and error.—The clause in our President's speech relative to our connection with the Indian tribes, bespeaks a policy at once enligthened and humane. The system of fair purchase and trade, and the influence obtainable by acts of disinterested friendship are in themselves so superior to the old ones of injustice and war, that the Washington administration have deserved much commendation for the liberal views they entertained and practised towards those unhappy men; and the present administration are likewise praiseworthy for continuing the same benevolent policy. We therefore transcribe the clause from the speech which, though not very recent, will,

we trust, please others who feel friendly sentiments towards the natives of our country. Quere. Would not the interference of government, with a view to introduce the practice of vaccine innoculation among the Indian tribes be productive of much good? and be attended with a binding and grateful effect, in the minds of a people whose population has been so greatly diminished by the virulence of the small-pox, the ravages of war, and the diffusion of spirituous liquors amongst them?]

With the Indian tribes established within our newly acquired limits, I have deemed it necessary to open conferences for the purpose of establishing a good understanding, and neighbourly relations between us. So far as we have yet learned, we have reason to believe that their dispositions are generally favorable and friendly. And with these dispositions on their side we have in our hands means which cannot fail us for preserving their peace and friendship. By pursuing an uniform course of justice towards them, by aiding them in all the improvements which may better their condition and, especially, by establishing a commerce on terms which shall be advantageous to them, and only not losing to us, and so regulated, as that no incendiaries, of our own, or any other nation may be permitted to disturb the natural effects of our just and friendly offices. We may render ourselves so necessary to their comfort, and prosperity, that the protection of our citizens from their disorderly members, will become their interest and their voluntary care. Instead therefore of an augmentation of a military force, proportioned to our extension of frontier, I propose a moderate enlargement of the capital, employed in that commerce, as a more effectual, economical, and humane instrument, for preserving peace and good neighbourhood with them.

On this side the Mississippi an important relinquishment of native title has been received from the Dalawares. That tribe desiring to extinguish in their people the spirit of hunting, and to convert superfluous lands into the means of improving what they retain, has ceded to us all the country between the Wabash and Ohio, south of, and including the road from, the rapid towards Vincennes: for which they are to receive annuities in animals and implements for agriculture, and in other necessaries. This acquisition is important not only for its extent and fertility; but as fronting three hundred miles on Ohio and near half that on the Wabash, the produce of the settled countries descending those rivers will no longer pass in review of the Indian frontier, but in a small portion; and with the cession heretofore made by Kaskaskias, nearly consolidates our possession north of the Ohio, in a very respectable breadth from lake Erie to the Mississippi. The Piankeshaws having some claim to the country ceded by the Delawares it has been thought best to quiet that by fair purchase also.—

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Character of Dr. Johnson by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Speaking of his own discourses, this great artist says, "whatever merit they have, must be imputed, in a great measure, to the education which I may be said to have had under Dr. Johnson. I do not mean to say, though it certainly would be to the credit of these discourses, if I could say it with truth, that he contributed even a single sentiment to them: but he qualified my mind to think justly. No man had, like him, the faculty of teaching inferior minds the art of thinking. Perhaps other men might have equal knowledge, but few were so communicative. His great pleasure was to talk to those who looked up to him. It was here he exhibited his wonderful powers. In mixed company, and frequently in company that ought to have looked up to him, many, thinking they had a character for learning to support, considered it as beneath them to enlist in the train of his auditors: and to such persons he certainly did not appear to advantage, being often impetuous and overbearing. The desire of shining in conversation was in him indeed a predominant passion; and if it must be attributed to vanity, let it at the same time be recollected, that it produced that loquaciousness from which his more intimate friends derived considerable advantage. The observations which he made on poetry, on life, and on every thing about us, I applied to our art, with what success others must judge.

[*Chalmer's edition of the Brit. Essayists.*

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

An ancient Greek, of more zeal for, than skill in music, having displayed his powers upon the lyre before an audience of strangers, little to the satisfaction of the hearers, it was remarked to him by a bystander, that the very boys ridiculed his music, "Do they so? said he, then I must try to play better."

To be denied, is a favor, to which every body may pretend.—

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic.—A letter from Washington says that official intelligence is received, that the fleet fitting out in Spain, for Florida has been dismantled: and that the Convention has been ratified,—by which our merchants will receive indemnity in all those cases, which were not excluded by the former administration.—The trial of Nathaniel Pendleton Esq. indicted for acting as second to General Hamilton, in the late unfortunate duel, came on the 10th instant, in the Court of oyer and terminer, now sitting in New York. The Attorney General conducted the prosecution on the part of the state; and *Messrs.* Benson, Radcliff, Hoffman, and Colden were advocates for the defendant. The trial continued eight hours; and the jury having retired for 15 or 20 minutes, returned a verdict of guilty. The punishment prescribed by law for the offence of which the seconds in the duel have been found guilty, is, it appears, a complete disfranchisement for the term of 20 years.—The senate of the United States has *ordered*, that the 4th of the ensuiug month shall be the day for receiving the answer, and proceeding on the trial of the impeachment against Samuel Chase.

No foreign intelligence of an interesting nature has been received since our last summary.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Fire-side Preacher has gained our *strictest attention.* The merit of his productions is only equalled by the writer's modesty, which, perhaps, might be alarmed if we were to allow ourselves to say what we think of him.

Caleb's wanderings promise an innocent, if not an agreeable entertainment. His *love-torn* digression *only*, appeared to us somewhat objectionable. The chasteness of the little episode, however, we consider as a sufficient apology; and we hope our readers will not be dissatisfied with it when they learn that Caleb has promised to avoid introducing this subject often to their notice.

We expect much from the scientific N. O. C's remarks, on the preservation of Cider, came to hand too late for this No.

The *acrimony*—not the severity,—of *Clement's* Critique precludes its admission.

We are apprehensive that one of Alliquem's lines would be construed us rather *indelicate.* We should be loth to lose the piece he has sent us on account of the line alluded to, and more loth to lose his correspondence by reason of the present delay.

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